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The Winonan

Winona State Teachers' College

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Eighty-Two Receive Honor Quotients For Winter Quarter

Eighty-two students obtained a scholastic average high enough to place them on the honor roll for the winter quarter. The students and their scholastic quotients are as follows:

3.00 Arthur Andrejek, Marion Bosshardt, Mrs. Max Conrad, Charles Fisk.

2.75 Elnora Jordan, Mayme Maki, Rosa Moehring.

2.66 Genelle Jackson, Ida Mae Johnson.

2.50 Jeryl Amdahl, Dorothy Cummings, Henry Duel, Hazel Erickson, Donald Hein, Lois L. Jensen, Neva King, Mary Jane Martin, Eva Millar, Verbenia Mosing, Avis Nordquist, Evelyn Ogrisky, Lois Simons, Virginia Thorson, Stanley Wehrenberg, Ahna Sunde White.

2.40 George Allen.

2.37 Margaret Keller.

2.33 Wm. C. Fiedler, Nevada Jenia, Harriet Kjome, Irene Stransky.

2.25 Fern Brakke, Eileen Brodin, Arden Burleigh, Clinton Dornfeld, John R. Duel, Gayle Graham, Leona Halstenrud, La Nore Johnson, Leslie King, Eleanor Knutson, Roger Moen, Mrs. Averill Randall, Garld Smith, Caryl Priestersbach, Mildred Sundquist, Betty Washburn, Mary Wehrenberg, Mervale Wolverton, Dorwin Zappe.

2.00 Evelyn Anderson, Edna M. Blair, Adolph Bremer, Alice Bronk, Maynard Burt, Fanny Byhoffer, Hugh Capron, Alona Olive Cooper, Sylvia Davidson, Marie Deters, Naomi Deters, Laura Drogemuller, Alice Ebert, Elizabeth Green, Lorraine Hadler, Glenn Johnson, Robert Johnson, William Kaczowski, Philip Knopp, Mary Koren, Ruth Kottschade, Mrs. Carroll Kramer, Naomi Lee, Iva Lybarger, Helen Mills, Gerda Peterson, Ruth Potter, Dalton Rich, Dorothy Skally, Dorothy Yennie, Gerald McVey.

Committee Plans P. E. Curriculum

Miss Talbot and Dr. Galligan, with representatives from the other teachers colleges and universities in the state, attended a meeting of the Physical Education Curriculum Committee in Minneapolis during spring vacation. At this meeting the committee completed the preliminary work for the state requirements of physical education majors and minors and elementary school teachers in the new course of study. The committee, of which Mr. Harold K. Jack is chairman, has been working on the plan for nearly three years.

Dr. Galligan was chairman of the committee on requirements for minors, while Miss Talbot served on the elementary grade committee.

GREETINGS AT EASTER



Ida Krehm Appears As Next Concert Number; Has Received Many Honors

Ida Krehm, a brilliant young pianist, is to be the next feature of the Community Concert program on April 21st.

Miss Krehm was born in Toronto, Canada, and at an early age manifested her interest in the piano. Between the ages of eleven and thirteen she had won practically every national piano competition offered in Canada. At twelve she was one of the first young Canadian pianists to broadcast during the early stages of radio.

In 1929 she went to Chicago to study with Rudolph Ganz. She became an American citizen and through teaching and playing supported herself during her student years.

Ida Krehm is the first pianist to have won three major awards in one season. On April 5, 1937, in New York, she won the Nawmburg Foundation Award. Three weeks later she won the cash prize of the National Federation of Music Clubs. At the time of winning the Federation Award, she was also selected for the coveted Schubert Memorial Award. As a result she had the honor of appearing as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy, both in Philadelphia and New York in February and March, 1938.

The critics predict that Ida Krehm's career will justify her honors.

Lois Simons Wins Honors in Contest

Lois Simons won second place with her essay in the contest held recently by the Central Division of the American Physical Education Association. Only seniors or first year teachers holding a bachelor's degree with majors or minors in physical education were allowed to participate. The subject of the theme was: "Are We Ready to Teach." Virginia Robb and Viola Kurzweg also entered the contest.

Enrollment Is 433 For Spring Quarter

There are 433 students enrolled for the spring quarter. This is a decrease of 21 from the winter quarter. Of those enrolled 291 are women and 141 are men.

In the personnel of the student body this quarter are three post-graduate men. They are Leo Dahm, Winona; William Franzmann, Stillwater; and Phillip Knopp, Winona.

There are 69 prospective graduates from the four year course in June and the same number from the two year course. The growing trend of students toward the four year course is shown by the fact that there are 94 freshmen in the degree group as compared to 79 freshmen in the certificate group.

The four-year graduates of the winter quarter are Marie Bruegger, Wabasha; Philip Knopp, Winona; and Marguerite Seeling, St. Charles. Two year graduates are Grace Mademann, Stockton; Jeanette Baumgart, Osseo; and Lylah Benson, Houston.

The total enrollment for the year 1938-39 is 512.

Students Attend M. T. C. P. A. Meeting

The convention of the Minnesota Teachers College Press Association held at the University March 25 was attended by Elnora Jordan, Betty Washburn, Anita Sundby, Eleanor Knutson, Mervale Wolverton, Norton Onstad, and Willard Carlson. Following the round table discussions and luncheon a business meeting was held. James Robb, St. Cloud, was elected president for next year and Anita Sundby, Winona, secretary.

The college was represented last Friday at the convention of the North Central Press Association which took place at the University of Minnesota by Adolph Bremer. Delegates from several states attended to hear prominent publicity directors and newspapermen speak. Considerable attention was given to the use of radio in college publicity.

French Satire Chosen All-College Play

The College will present its version of "Chantecler," a delightful French play, April 28 and 29. Theatre-goers will remember this play as being popularized by Maude Adams early in the present century. Cooperating with the Winonah Players are a number of the student body taking part in the presentation of the play itself and also serving on the various committees. The cast includes 33 people. The play is a satire on the artificiality of life, and all characters are barnyard folk. Scenery will be so constructed as to give the impression that the characters are in correct proportion to the scenery, and costumes will be styled to comply with the theme of fowls. Chantecler, the idealistic rooster, is under the impression that his song causes the sun to rise, but as the plot is unwoven, he eventually comes to the realization that the wonders of nature can continue to perform undisturbed by his presence.

Bremer and Smith Attend I. R. C. Meet at Omaha

The College was represented at the Regional Conference of International Relations Clubs in Omaha by Garld Smith and Adolph Bremer on March 17 and 18.

Three hundred students from colleges in eight states were present to discuss the problems on which the United States has riveted her attention. Emphasis was placed on discussion by students in the four round tables on: Latin-America in World Politics; Diplomacy of the Authoritarian States; British Foreign Policy; and Foreign Policy of the Present Administration.

The Conference heard addresses by noted speakers. They were: F. F. Figgures, Overseas Secretary of the British League of Nations Union; Professor Clyde Eagleton, New York University; and Professor R. A. Winnacker, University of Nebraska.

Meetings were held at Omaha University and Dukesne College. The Conference for 1940 was awarded to Southwestern College.

Thirty Sign For Tour

All college students who plan on going on the college tour should make arrangements soon. At this early date thirty persons, mostly former students of the college, have already made reservations. A deposit of five dollars will hold one of the fifty remaining reservations now available.

A new feature of the tour is the fact that the tour party will be in New York at the same time as the King and Queen of England. Many people are traveling across an entire continent to view these famous persons.

New Lodge Prepares For Coming Year

May Be Cooperative

It is hoped that Lucas Lodge eventually will be operated on a cooperative basis with two men students acting as cooks throughout the school year. The other work would be alternated.

The Lodge, which will accommodate twenty-four to thirty men, is being prepared for the coming school year. Present repairs include the laying and varnishing of new floors.

The college budget recently submitted to the state legislature makes provisions for the furnishing of the home.

"We hope to keep the Lodge as a place where the boys can feel at home rather than as an institution," says Mrs. Jackson, "and so the rooms will be kept as they were left by Miss Lucas." Mr. Jackson, faculty supervisor, and his wife have already taken residence at the Lodge. Seven students are also living there.

One of the main front rooms will serve as a living room and parlor where the men may entertain and hold house parties; another, a tile-floor porch, may serve as a sitting room or lounge, possibly to be furnished in chromium and leather.

The mens' rooms are on the second floor; dormer sleeping quarters, as in fraternity houses, will be on the third floor.

Aside from its beauty and charm of color schemes and arrangements, the home offers many conveniences including a hotel vacuum cleaning system for which each room is specially equipped, sleeping porches, automatic lighting for closets, a private telephone booth, and almost unlimited pantry and closet space.

La Meri Gives Colorful Dances

La Meri, world famous dancer, thrilled and fascinated spectators with her skillful interpretations of a variety of numbers in the third of the Community Concert Series Monday, March 14.

Before giving her first group of dances, La Meri briefly explained the growth and development of the dance and defined some of the movements used in her first number, Lasyanatana, an East Indian dance. The artist's genius in assuming oriental poses, for which she was acclaimed by a native public, was shown in this group.

Adoration of The Virgin presented a living picture of the Virgin Mary in adoration of the Divine Infant.

The entire entertainment was one which displayed her skill and which, with its colorful costumes and authentic music, gave a clear picture of each of the many countries represented.

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Use of Library at Night An Issue Vital to Students

As one goes down the road of progress he usually encounters impediments. The traveler may remove the impediment or he may detour around it. Needless to say, it is senseless to detour when the cause of the trouble can easily be removed.

A situation here in Winona State Teachers College is analogous with this journey; namely, the problem of having the college library open at night. This is a serious and extremely vital question as far as we are concerned, and the way in which it is solved will have a great effect upon our future progressiveness.

This question has been raised before but never satisfactorily answered. One of the objections raised is that there is a necessity for policing that the present library force is not adequate to meet. It would seem that college students should be able to conduct themselves in such a way that policing would not be necessary. But even though it should be needed, surely the cause justifies procuring the required addition to the library force.

In a small school such as ours a great majority of the students are engaged in extra-curricular activities after school. The only time they have for study is at night. Anyone who has to write a term paper in a few helter-skelter periods knows what a trial it is. The student gets out the necessary reference material, finds the proper passages, and begins to digest the material. As soon as he is nicely started, the period ends, making it necessary for him to repeat the process over again and again until he is thoroughly disheartened.

We have done much in specifying room conditions and furnishings in our dormitories and rooming houses but still many conditions exist which are not conducive to concentrated effort. There are too many natural distractions. Who can write a term paper to the tune of innumerable radios, ringing telephones, and over-congenial friends who have no desire to study?

As we move into the new library, of which we are so justly proud, let us make of it an instrument of vital importance and assistance to our education. May the students have every opportunity to contact great thinkers and taste of world's recorded experience. We challenge the powers that be to give us a chance to show our desire for this opportunity and we determine to be worthy of our request. The impediment across the road is small and it would seem very unwise to make a long and tortuous detour around it when it could easily be removed from the way. Who are they that persist in keeping the sign "Detour" on the path. We present a serious challenge and ask, "Must it ever be so?"

All This and Heaven Too

This story by Rachel Field, based on truth that is stranger than fiction, combines the drama of one of the most notorious murder cases in France with a period of American history covering the New England and New York of 1850 to 1875. The heroine, Henrietta Deluzy-Despartes, a woman of rare gifts, fortitude, and magnetism, lived as governess in the ill-fated household of the Duc and Duchess de Praslin, and became unwittingly the pivot about which that crime revolved. In 1847, she faced a hostile police, pleading her own case before the Chancellor of France in the murder trial that was the sensation of two continents and helped a French King from his throne.

It is, as a matter of fact, the story of Rachel Field's own great aunt; for after winning her freedom, Henrietta took refuge in America where she married the youngest of four famous brothers, Henry M. Field, preacher, editor, and writer.

The first part of the novel tells of Henrietta's years of conflict and suspense, joys and sorrows, in the Praslin family circle, caught as she was in a web of scandal that gradually closed in about her; of her courageous handling of crisis after crisis; of her baffling relationship to the Duc; of the horror of an incredible murder and the months of nightmare that followed.

But the most charming part of the book tells of her life in America, the way in which this fascinating, unconventional woman adjusted herself to a new world — first in a New England village where she caused endless commotion, later in Gramercy Park where she caused endless delight.

Through her eyes we view the social and intellectual aspects of life of that time. We meet Rachel, the French tragedienne, on her last theatrical venture. We learn of the laying of the Atlantic cable by Cyrus W. Field, her brother-in-law, of Civil War years in the North, of summers in the Berkshire Hills, of friendships with William Cullen Bryant, Fanny Kemble, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and other important figures. We share the love story of this exotic Frenchwoman and her New England husband who used their different worlds and temperaments as a background for their successful marriage.

Miss Field tells the whole of Henrietta's remarkable life — drawing upon history, rumor, and her own imagination. The result is as breathtaking a story as ever reached the world of fiction.

Be sure to put this on your Must Read List!

— F. LUTH.

Character Readings

It so happened that one day many T. C. students saw fit to wander down town. And on this day, it so happened that these "scholars" saw fit to weigh themselves at the ten-cent store. And it further came to pass that on the backs of these weight cards which they received, were character readings. Here are reproductions "woid for woid" of what their little cards had to say.

Louise Whitman's: You are an Epicurean. Your life shall be as happy as you are frivolous, and please don't chew gum in Dr. Murphy's classes any more.

Caryl Priestersbach's: It is your firm belief that the greatest of all art is that pursued by John Barrymore. To you shall come great success in your chosen career, but you shall always have a distaste for eighth graders.

Viola Ray's: You have a deep and righteous grief. However, marriage will alleviate your pain. We should suggest a prompt espousal in order that your surname be changed immediately.

Nevada Jenia's: You have an interesting future. To you shall come the fascinating work of teaching French to the French (don't forget oublier takes de).

Dana Zimmerli's: Your preference in companions marks you as a gentleman. Your life shall be as long as a certain senior girl is short.

Freddie Heyer's: Your grim persistence with the saxophone at social hours will be well rewarded.

Ruth Koenig's: You will be successful in your chosen profession if you can only conceal your first name from your pupils.

Audrey Thurow's: Your interests are musically inclined. You are stable and home-loving. You choose your friends carefully and stick to them.

Robert Ostrom's: Your interests are musically inclined. You are stable and home-loving. You choose your friends carefully and stick to them.

Mrs. August Schammel, who had been very ill during the past weeks, passed away Wednesday, March 22. Funeral services were held Saturday morning at the German Catholic Church. Mr. Schammel, head engineer at the college, has been employed here for seventeen years. The WINONAN, in behalf of the college, wishes to extend its sympathy to Mr. Schammel in his bereavement.

Alumni Notes

Mrs. Herman Abramson, formerly Helen Wyman, who was graduated from Winona State Teachers College in 1935, and Mr. Abramson, visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wyman of 464 Grant St. in Winona over the past week-end. Mrs. Abramson teaches a rural school near Avoca, Minnesota.

Dr. Edward Leherets, who was graduated in 1896 and then served as instructor in geography until 1907 when he went to the University of Minnesota, is now completing fifty years of teaching. His long service is about to be celebrated by his many pupils, fellow teachers, and friends by the presentation of a folio of letters written to him by them. Dr. Leherets is now in charge of the Department of Geology at Hunter College in New York City, a college for girls. His daughter, Mary Frances, is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and is a student in voice at the Juillard School in New York. She was recently given a Metropolitan audition on the air and has been soloist on several trips of Swedish American liners.

Rural News

A rural summer school will be held at Homer during the first summer school session. This will be a great opportunity for teachers who desire advanced training in rural education.

During the Spring Vacation Misses Christensen and Bartsch visited the graduates of the college who are now teaching in Olmstead County.

The County Teachers' Association met on Saturday, March 18, in the clubroom of Somsen Hall. Officers of the association are: James Vance, district 76, president; Helen Murphey, district 85, vice-president; Irene Morman, district 80, secretary; and Margaret McDonough, district 101, treasurer.

Funeral of Noel Johnson To Be Held on Saturday, April 1

The college was much saddened on Thursday morning to learn of the death of Noel Johnson. He had been ill for some time in the Lake City Hospital from a condition which developed from the flu, and died Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Johnson, a junior, had registered for the spring quarter at the college but was sent home a day later because of illness. He enrolled here as a student in November, 1937, having transferred from the University of Minnesota where he had taken a course in forestry. He was a regular tackle on the football squad last fall.

The funeral will be held on Saturday in Lake City.

Dr. Hunt, Columbia, Speaks at Chapel

The growth of modern education to meet the changing social and economic condition of a rapidly changing civilization was the subject of a convocation address given on March 29 by Dr. Erling Hunt. His startling statistics reflecting the condition of modern youth were a challenge to all prospective teachers. Dr. Hunt is a professor of history at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Mr. Loban Speaks on Federation

Mr. Walter Loban, instructor at the University of Minnesota and state organization chairman of the American Federation of Teachers, spoke to faculty members and students in the Alumni room on the afternoon of March 22. He explained the objectives of the federation and pointed out advantages in it for teachers and the public. He emphasized the importance of teachers in a democracy.

In the evening Mr. Loban spoke to Kappa Delta Pi. He stressed the need of the modern curriculum to meet the demands of a democracy. In turning the spotlight on teacher training he said that better teachers with desirable personalities and wide interests were needed. This talk was followed by a round table discussion.

Pensive Maiden

— William Franzmann

She sits engrossed in thought
And when I ask
Of what she's thinking . . .
She answers, "Nothing."
And I am happy
For then I know
She thinks of me.

Wanderlust

— Mary Lou Caldwell

When October days are here and leaves are turning brown,
I'm weary with the quiet life and tired of the town.
For my heart is pounding madly and my pulse is beating high,
As the sounding wind is sweeping like a song across the sky.

To the far horizon where the heaven meets the earth,
The wanderer's way is winding — calling me from fire and hearth;
To follow fast and far and free the lure of nature's lore
To where the thunder rumbles and the rushing waters roar.

Though I've never been a roamer, I'm familiar with the art;
For the fire of the wanderlust burns bright within my heart.
Oh, I love the beauty of the storm; I love its wild refrain!
For there's music in the whirling wind and rhythm in the rain!

Literary Supplement

Short Stories

Found: One Saint

— Beatrice Hoffman

"Hey," Agnes gave the crouched figure that clung to the wire fence a push. "Hey, what are you doing hanging on Mrs. Pflugel's fence . . . I'm going to tell her . . . An' it ain't the first time you did it either." Her thin lips were shut triumphantly in a line, and her hazel eyes held all the unthinking malice of one just turned ten years.

Leonida turned around in such a hurry that she caught her too-short checked dress in the web of wire and had to twist and turn her stubby eight year old fingers to set herself free again. "I was only watchin' the chickens . . . Honest . . . There's so many of 'em."

"Always watchin' 'em, ain't ya . . . since that old Biddy of yours got ate, I s'pose. I'll just bet you wish't you was goin' inside like I am. An' Mrs. Pflugel'll give me a big cookie like she always does, an' I'll be seein' the canaries like I always do . . . an' . . ."

Leonida's marble-like blue eyes peered over the round doll-size spec's that just managed to cling to the tip of her nose, and there only because it took an upward tilt at that point. She knew all about Mrs. Pflugel . . . she knew that she had a house full of yellow canaries that sang . . . she knew that there was a whole coopful of chickens in her backyard . . . she knew, too, that Agnes always went to Mrs. Pflugel's with scraps for her chickens. Fumbling about in her shamelessly bulging rick-rack pocket, she produced what she was looking for. "If you'll let me go with you, I'll give you this stick of lickorish . . . it's the kind you kin pull strips off from . . ." she dangled it tantalizingly in front of Agnes' thin straight nose.

"All right," Agnes said, and she grabbed quickly before the fat little adorer of pets and Mrs. Pflugel changed her mind . . . "for just this once though."

"Some scrapin's for your chickens, Mrs. Pflugel," Agnes recited glibly when the weathered door was opened slowly to her knock. "Oh, but of course," the questioning look on Mrs. Pflugel's homely face was supplanted by one of kindly enlightenment, and she wiped her hands hurriedly on her print apron. Her shrewd dresden eyes spied Leonida's sugar-bowl haircut and spectacles at the top of the short green-checked dress trying desperately to hide her girth behind Agnes' inadequate figure. The round eyes over the rim of the glasses were fixed on Mrs. Pflugel. She was old; maybe fifty, even. Did everybody's face get full of ruts like Mrs. Pflugel's when they got old, Leonida wondered.

The object of her attention was

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The Hired Hand

— Elnora Jordan

Lately I had feared for Uriah's reason. Rye and I had hoboed our way through Texas and the South; we had chicken-ranched in Idaho and shovelled coal on the Lakes. Now we were nesting at "Button-head" in the Crazy Woman Valley out in the great silent spaces in Wyoming. I was afraid for Rye. Could he stand this isolation?

"Si," my pard shouted above the continuous echo of the thunder, "you're staring at me."

"Rye," I answered heavily. "I've got to."

More thunder, more staring, more thinking.

"Si, I've been thinking."

"Don't!" I begged, panic-stricken. "It's a strain on your mind."

Rye laughed uproariously. "When you thay that, thmile," he lisped, then continued. "Seriously, tho, I was just recollecting a hired hand I knew once."

"Yes, Rye." (May as well humor him.)

"It was a most beautiful hired hand. So perfect, so exquisite, so smooth."

"What!" My eyes bulged.

"Jed Sparks was the man's name. He rode like a centaur. My dad hired him as foreman." He laughed crazily. I calculated the number of leaps to the window, forgetting it overlooked a perpendicular 40-foot cliff.

"Have you ever heard the story of the cheated dentist, Si? He sold a set of teeth to a chap, but this chap wouldn't pay for them. The dentist went to collect, but didn't have such good luck." Uriah rose and walked nearer to me. He rolled his eyes—strange how I used to think this trick of his comical; it only made him look more insane now!

He continued. "The dentist was telling about it afterward. I wouldn't have minded him not paying me, but he had the nerve to gnash my own teeth at me."

Gnashing his large, white teeth close to my face, Uriah laughed noisily. My nerves snapped. I dashed to the window, tore it open, threw one leg over the sill.

Too late. The madman was upon me, pulling me back.

"Here, you, sit down and let me finish my story."

Mopping my brow, I did so. The wind howled, a bolt of lightning struck somewhere near, the smell of the wet woods filled the shack.

Deliberately Uriah closed the window and drew his chair between me and it. He glanced up at the rifles, then mumbled something to himself. With a dull thud, my heart sank to my feet.

"Anyhow, this guy Sparks was

Continued on page 6, column 1

Winners Announced in Literary Contest

The committee of faculty members which judged the entries for the Winonan Literary Contest made awards in the various divisions as follows:

Short Stories—Beatrice Hoffman, first and second; Elnora Jordan, third.

Sketches—Elnora Jordan, first; Regina Spencer, second.

Character Sketches—Barbara Kissling, first; Regina Spencer, second.

Essays—Barbara Kissling, first; Clinton Dornfeld, second.

Serious Verse—William Franzmann, first and second; Margaret Meyer, third.

Light Verse—Regina Spencer, first; Beatrice Hoffman, second.

Several poems which received honorable mention also appear in this issue.

Essays

Wallpaperitis

— Barbara Kissling

While scientists have been showing us how to make alarm clocks from corn stalks, safety pins from peanuts, and door knobs from buttermilk, the more artistic element of our population has been sadly neglecting its duty.

Wallpaper is still in the prehistoric stage it enjoyed when grandmother flaunted an oversized bustle. In those days upon entering the boudoir one was met by a phantasmagoria of roses the size of cabbages sprouting from the high-boy, swelling to form a halo about grandfather's portrait, in fact seeming to twine around the bed posts in their enthusiastic desire to promote art.

Now one is expected to eat, even to enjoy, and more inconceivably yet to digest one's meal while viewing a phenomenal panorama of blue horses prancing about over a fuschia landscape.

Continued on page 6, column 4

The Radio is a Useful Invention

— Clinton Dornfeld

The radio is a useful invention. Almost everyone of us has a radio in his bedroom. It sings us to sleep at night with a lullaby. An attachment to the radio which every radio owner should have turns it on in the morning; and a loud march awakens us at the scheduled time. We push a button on the radio. The radio issues forth a series of harsh instructions and then counts for us, and we take our morning daily dozen. We push another button, and a gay waltz carries us off to the shower. Here the radio warns us against soaps

Continued on page 7, column 1

Sketches

Homecoming

— Elnora Jordan

A little wryly I reflected that perhaps, after all, nothing can give quite the savor of satisfaction to a great man that he derives from returning to his home town. There he can feel himself to be a very large frog in a very mediocre pond. I, now, was a success; I, too, was going home. Why could I not feel proud and condescending?

I felt only tired and sick at heart. This bare and desolate country was mine. A thousand times there among my friends in the city I had caught myself reacting as I would have reacted when I was still a farm girl standing knee-deep in the thistles and tumbleweeds watching the train go by. That was back in the dark days of 1932. How I had ached and seethed and sneered—my mind whirled by a teapot tempest of frustration—at the sight of the hundreds of "Side-door Pullman" riders who waved nonchalantly!

I left the car at the corner of our field. There were still no fences. I walked along the divide of land. A swarm of grasshoppers rose with their dry hum. I skirted the big slough. Only a few dead reeds veiled the rocks in its dry bottom. I pattered along the cow path. The field was black with tiny dead thistles. No stubble showed—could it have been burned as badly as that?

The cows—old Mull, thinner, lying down; sad-voiced Mushmouth and lanky Mickey (she of the hair-trigger temper!) picking without enthusiasm at some dead rose bushes—looked up indifferently as I passed. The dust in the path was sifted gray powder.

Then I saw the yard. I saw the crazy pasture fence. I saw the weathered house—it was my home and it looked beaten, whipped. I saw the big red barn, a pimple on the face of the prairie. I saw the unpainted granaries, the car-shed. I saw the few ragged, unleaved shrubs that were our grove. I saw the sprawling manure pile. I saw the old wooden pump and recalled that mother had written that the well was dry.

It came to me then, did the old feeling of frustration, intangible, stifling, bound up in the thirsty land. I wanted to run away. This was not home any more. My dog did not come to meet me. A nameless wonder gripped me. Why did he not come? Where was he?

I heard dad and Kenny in the garage. They did not see me. I went into the house. The kitchen was a sprawling giant of a room, bare and grim. The furniture was crude. I crept to "the room" door. It was unfamiliar, yet nothing had changed. There was the table

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Tune of a Hickory Stick

— Regina Spencer

Snow continued to fall—silently, softly, slowly. The roads had been blocked for weeks. The mail came about once in five days. (The carrier had a little house built on his sleigh. Occasionally it tipped, scattering him and the mail to the four winds.) I hadn't been away from my district for seven boring weeks.

The room in which we spent most of our time was desolate. Over the parlor furnace two drab pictures of Gold Hill, Alaska, hung at a tipsy angle. A missionary calendar tacked behind a chair served to keep the boys from leaving hair-groom marks on the wall. Joe would tilt his chair back against it and sit for HOURS staring at the ceiling. Over the arm chair hung a photo of a buxom lady leaning over an old oaken bucket. Behind her a girl in a sunbonnet was perpetually picking the petals from a daisy. There was one more picture behind the door—a most fitting place for it. It was a photograph of somebody's Uncle Joe, a Gold Hill miner. He had a handlebar mustache and he wore a plug hat. His feet were crossed in Napoleonic fashion. For atmosphere there was a fern in the background.

The wall paper was a soggy oatmeal white. The white curtains hung at a discouraged angle from the windows. There was a recipe pinned to one with a safety pin. I tried to visualize some charming yellow paper on the faded walls, and some gay cretonne draped at the windows. The only pretty thing in the house was a tiny jelly bean tree which stood on the radio and held its branches jauntily ceilingward. (I had made one for each mother in the district at Christmas time. Most of the children ate the candies off their mother's gift before New Year's in spite of admonitions to the contrary.)

Such a day it was! There was nothing to read. The radio battery was dead. It was too cold in the living room, or parlor, to play the piano. I never could figure out why they had a parlor. No one ever ventured into it, except perhaps to hunt for something he'd lost. The sewing machine was in there. Also there was the piano, covered with photographs. There was an old phonograph and a davenport no one ever sat on. In one corner near the ceiling was anchored a deer's head, a memento of a hunting expedition to Mille Lac. On a table was piled high old sheet music, empty candy boxes, dusty ash trays. The shades were always kept down except when I practiced my music lesson.

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Homecoming

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with the little brown dog crouching cockily in the geometrical center of the lace doilie; the old-fashioned sideboard with its array of photographs on top; the couch where mother sat reading.

I wanted to run away and bawl. I only said: "Hello."

She gave a little cry. I had surprised her. I was afraid she would faint. Once she had been my age. Now she belonged to the generation of those who stay at home.

"My but you did surprise me!" she gasped.

"I thought you would be . . ."

I wandered to a chair by my desk. Idly I opened the desk. A roll of waxed paper tumbled out. I picked it up, wondered vaguely why it was there. Mother was talking, asking questions. I tried to be interested. A sparrow lighted on the window sill.

Then came a rush of boyish feet as Kenny burst into the house. "Give me a pail of water for the car," he yelled. "Well, Laura, when did you come?"

I laughed immoderately. He had grown so tall, so lanky. He wore size two shoes. And he still talked baby talk.

He ran out. In a few moments dad came. They asked numberless questions. I found myself resenting some of them as being too prying.

The neighborhood learned of my return and came en masse. They talked shop—crops and drought and feed and having to sell their stock because the government would feed just so many. They asked about the crops I had seen on my way up. I frowned and groaned; "They were no good. Honestly, this is terrible." Whereat they all shook doleful heads. Viciously I reflected that the town garage was likely a wailing wall, where the men gathered each Saturday night to tell each other how hard-up they were.

So the day of my Homecoming wore to a close. Briskly, now, I walked into the angry sunset. Another day I would return for a brief while.

Applied Proverbs

The proverb may be defined in the words of Lord John Russell as "the wit of one man, the wisdom of many." The following examples tend to show that the Chinese are perhaps better proverb-makers than any other nation.

"Patient waiting may solve a problem when feverish activity fails; simple tolerance may move a sinner to repent when harsh discipline is useless." I tried the first part of that on my Calculus problems, but it didn't work.

College students should realize the truth of "Never the time and the place and the loved one all together."

You student teachers please take note: "Subdue your own heart before you try to subdue the Devil; rule your own temper before you try to rule the unruly."

"It is better to offend by straightforwardness than to please by

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Character Sketches

Her Uncle

— Barbara Kissling

I met him with the rest of the family the first time I visited Edith, but I soon came to know him.

He had that kind of false teeth that spoiled everyone's evening because of a raspberry seed; the kind of teeth that complained with a faint, crepitating sound that distinctly resembled grandmother's knitting needles, if any part of his crumbling, antiquated anatomy was a half degree below body temperature. Though he whined if the thermometer said seventy-six, he seemed to get his second warmth by the time it said zero, and stood the arctic breezes better than the rest of us.

His eyes, a faded blue, were sharp enough to make him the most unpopular person in the household. His inhuman power to be where he was least wanted at the most inopportune moment was phenomenal. If John were taking the first delicious bite of forbidden candy, or Edith trying to sneak in an hour late, they could be sure of some word of censure from him. He never shouted, nor did he seem to say much; but his few words—cutting, cynical, hypercritical words—were always so appropriate one felt sure he had spent the entire day preparing them.

No description of him would be complete without including his incongruous name, or perhaps I should say names, for he had four and an esquire (though I don't know how he got that). He was born during one of those periods when long, cumbersome Bible names were the style. His name was Zabdiel David Isaac Haywood Esquire (he always wrote out the esquire to make it look more pompous, though he wouldn't acknowledge it). This title made him feel very important, almost as one of the nobility; although he didn't hold any sympathy with "those hypocritical, ostentatious, flaunts," this was one of his favorite subjects of battle. Zabdiel, meaning gift of God; David, beloved; and Isaac, laughter, were obviously ill chosen. Isaac was the only one of his numerous names that was in any manner fitting. Though his sense of humor was greatly distorted (the only time I ever heard him laugh was when an Italian peddler's cart had tipped over and all the poor peddler's goods were being ruined in the mud), his laugh was surprising. From his dried up appearance and undeveloped sense of humor you would anticipate it to be a typical cackle, but even through its bitterness one could hear a deep, low tone that made it one of the two lone things about him that were beautiful.

The other lovely thing was his parchment-like hand with its beautifully tapered fingers. I say hand because there was only one. You see, he had been a prodigy, a pianist with a very promising future; but at nineteen he had been in a train

wreck that had crippled both his legs and caused his left arm to be amputated. It was the bitter thought of what he might have been, compared with the obsolete burden he was, that had distorted his whole perspective. Just in the beginning of life he was jerked from the profession and art he loved to become a hopeless cripple. He was forced to see people who to his distorted mind had no such ability as he, rise to fame while he sat home idle.

This deprivation brought problems that were difficult to overcome; too difficult for anyone with his warped nature. He tried to force music out of his brother's home, but Peter Paul wouldn't allow this. Even now when Edith or one of the others is playing he will say something in an injured tone and move his wheel chair off to the back of the house to try to forget the time when he had been on his way to fame playing the piano.

Tune of a Hickory Stick

Continued from page 3, column 5

Brrrrr! I shivered as I looked out the window. All one could see was snow in drifts and a few scraggly pine trees. An old rug fluttered from the clothes line. Snow sifted around the woodpile in indignant flurries. On the back porch Mr. and Mrs. Mack and Bob were having a weighty conference concerning some cornstalks they bought from Schroeder's. As Joe, who decided to join the conclave, left the room he inquired politely, "Do you mind if I close the door?"

I looked out at the blizzard again and whispered to myself, "Slammit, dammit! Slammit!" I vowed that if I ever got to town again I'd take up smoking or something! Seven weeks in a snow drift! I didn't care if Richard Byrd DID live alone in an Antarctic hut for months. I didn't feel in the least scientific or heroic. There wasn't even anyone around to fight with! I wondered how missionaries on Baffin Island kept from going berserk.

Mrs. Mack came in shivering from the porch.

"My, Miss Randall," she exclaimed, "I don't see how you stand the cold and going off to school everyday, but you don't seem to mind a bit."

Oh, no! I didn't mind an instant. I rose and quietly went to my room. For a long time afterward I made faces at myself in the mirror.

"Here you are," I accused the figure in the glass, "fair, white, and fancy free, and stuck in a snow drift. In civilized countries people are dancing and going to movies, while you spend your evenings writing history tests. A big success you turned out to be. Go ahead and sob, baby. My, don't you look sweet! What a charming gown, Miss Randall! Will you have one lump in your tea or two? And isn't the orchestra divine? Go

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The Egotist

— Regina Spencer



— Regina Spencer

For six years D. was an official in Panama. When the canal was finished he returned home to camp on the doorstep of his farmer brother's home. The Panamanian life of ease forever left its mark upon him. Rarely again did he arise in the morning before eight o'clock. Still, even as a kid his propensities did not include work.

After his return from the South he drifted from one job to another. I can't say that he worked. His leaning was always toward "promoting." Somewhere in an attic he still has a trunk full of gilt edged oil stocks of uncertain pedigree. At one time he was well and favorably known in Salt Lake City as a silver miner. The mine and D. petered out simultaneously. (At the same time a certain rich and handsome widow lost interest in silver.) Handsome devil that he was, all the women in town fell for him without hesitation. He once had the delicious audacity to squeeze a girl's hand as she dipped it into the holy water fountain, all other attempts at securing an introduction having failed.

Regardless of the condition of his pockets or purse, he always had the appearance of affluence and ease, as though Luxury had marked him for her own. At the time of his introduction to Sylvia he was an "oil magnate" from Oklahoma. He probably never actually said so. People just got that impression. Sylvia and D. eloped and were married in Kansas City. They had pressed chicken under glass for dinner that night and champagne. The table was covered with American Beauty roses. Then without a flicker of an eyelash he informed her that their new home would be a farm in Minnesota. So the beautiful Sylvia, the magnolia from the sunny South, became a farmer's wife and for the first time in her life washed floors and filled lamps and made faces at the moon. Soon she was to be a millionaire farmer's wife, however, for D. had "a new scheme, honey." He had it all figured out on paper that if one raised a thousand pigs and sold them at so much per he could not fail to make a fortune. He made one error. He forgot to feed the creatures. His next venture was in sheep raising. In the Argentine men made millions in wool. Why not here? But the sheep all froze one night in a snow storm because he neglected to put them in the shed. From sheep to silver, to oil, to gold, and twenty years passed by.

Today he has lumbago so he dictates a letter to me. He lies on the davenport and closes his eyes. The letter is concerning Big Business in Baker. As he begins, I know that we are in the apartment house no longer. We are on the twentieth floor of the Commonwealth building. D. is a magnate from the East. I am a beautiful stenographer. Tomorrow he will deny up and down ever having lumbago. Next week he will swear he has never heard of Baker. He forgets so beautifully.

Perhaps now he will tell a true (?) story of his experiences in the canal zone, from which years dates all history of importance. His ability as a story teller has few equals. He can't bear to listen to you, however if he does, he is more than liable to contradict you even when you agree with him. It is an astonishing thing and leaves you befuddled, bewildered, flabbergasted and furious. Try it sometime, but remember the technique demands that you remain all the while disgustingly fair, just, and calm in your demeanor. One NEVER loses one's temper; it is so plebian.

"Oh, honey," he calls to Sylvia, "I have a surprise for you. I ran into Caldwell in the Mayflower this A.M. and say, do you know, he has quite a proposition he wants me to work on with him."

The dream this time is jade-fantastic stuff. It will keep him busy for months. He is as happy, as a child with a new toy. So in an effulgent mood he saunters out to the wrestling matches. His lumbago, miraculously enough, has disappeared.

Yes, D. is without a doubt the laziest, most indolent, selfish egotistical ass I've ever met. Yet in his way he's most amusing. Every morning he must bathe and shave at nine o'clock. One can almost

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Found: One Saint

Continued from page 3, column 1

chuckling good-humoredly. "Ah, vot iss diss vun . . . she never come mit you before."

Leonida assumed a sudden and intense interest in each square inch of cracked brick walk beneath her black buttoned shoes. Agnes stepped aside leaving her in full sight, blushing from the rick-rack at her short neck to the beginning of her bangs.

"Oh, she's bashful," Agnes explained almost contemptuously. Mrs. Pflugel was amused, but understanding. "You iss big girl now, nobody eat you up. Come . . . we giff the chickens to eat . . . jach! They get hungry by now."

Agnes felt informative. "She had a chicken herself . . . from a bazaar . . . she won it . . . but her Pa killed it and made soup from it for Sunday . . . she cried, too."

"Dot's too bad . . . here there are lots of chickens . . ." She tossed them strips of fat and a lump of cold mashed potatoes from the pan Agnes had handed to her, and they scurried about, a conglomeration of white and brown.

"Let them eat now, yes . . ." The three, Mrs. Pflugel in the lead, and Leonida trailing, walked toward the house. "You vait runs," the little old lady said as they reached the door, and she disappeared into the dark little room that was her kitchen, soon to return with two round thick raisin cookies in her hand. "For you," she handed one to Agnes.

"You tell Mrs. Pflugel your name, jach," she said as she handed the second one to Leonida. When she heard, her kind face was reproachful, "Vat?" she said, as if she had not understood, and Leonida repeated it. "No saint's name iss . . ." was Mrs. P's disapproving observation . . . "Such a name . . . Leonida . . . what is that name uff?" and she seemed almost disposed to retrieve the dainty she so smilingly bestowed a few seconds before.

Leonida remembered nothing that was said after that point . . . her round short chin shivered and a big tear slithered off her round cheek when they reached the little wooden gate. She had no saint like other girls . . . "Big cry-baby," Agnes jeered. "Cry-baby," and then she dashed off on the two spindles that were her legs.

Leonida sank down at the foot of the little plum tree and wrapped her short, thick arms about its trunk. Somehow it was comforting to have something to cling to as she sobbed her heart out. Her thoughts were as forbidding as the dark early autumn sky suspended above her. Mrs. Pflugel hadn't liked her after all. She didn't have a saint's name like other people. She didn't have anything.

"But say there now, that ain't the way to carry on," an embarrassed voice at her back said. Her gulping sobs had drowned out his footsteps. "I can't help it," she answered, trying to control the funny noises that swelled up in her throat. She discovered that she

was addressing a freckle-faced tow-headed boy of about eleven. "I can't help it . . . everybody's . . . got . . . got a saint's name but me . . ." and there were more tears . . . "Freckle-face" was frankly puzzled . . . "Don't cry about it anyway . . . What is your name?"

"Le-e-oni-da," she could hardly utter the syllables. He thought quickly . . . "Oh, but it is a saint's name . . . it is . . . we had so in school . . . Saint Leo is your saint . . . He's a big one, too . . . he could do anythin' . . ." Before he said more a voice burst from the house . . . "Te-d-die." "Don't worry none about it . . ." he called as he hurried away . . . "You got a saint as well as the rest of 'em has."

Leonida sat up thoughtfully rubbing her eyes, thereby spreading an uneven duskiness in the region of her nose. Now, sitting under the plum tree in Teddie's backyard, she was almost glad again . . . with a saint of her own who could do anything . . . but she would never be able to tell Mrs. Pflugel. Agnes would never let her go again after the way she bawled.

Her bulging body was pressed against the tree and she looked up through the fringelike foliage above her . . . But what good was a Saint you was named for if he didn't know you, she thought. He couldn't make Mrs. Pflugel like you better. Yet, hadn't "Freckle-face" said he could do anythin'? Her eyes held the sombre-hued patches of sky that escaped among the leaves . . . "I'm Leonida who's got your name . . ." she breathed, "maybe you know about me . . . I'll be glad I got you for a saint . . . I'll even try to like my name . . . but please . . ." she begged hardest on the word **please**, "please make Mrs. Pflugel like me better than she does . . . please, Saint Leo . . . who can do anythin'?"

When she was through she sat quite still, her straight cotton-cased legs stretched straight out from her body. The sky which had been accumulating a grievance of dark, heavy clouds started to spill over, but sitting under the tree she scarcely noticed the raindrops . . . because she really had a saint; the boy had said so.

She looked up at the back window of Mrs. Pflugel's little kitchen . . . It was open, and she could hear the song of countless golden throats pouring out the pure joy of a canary's song. Quietly with the slow raindrops soaking into her brown hair, she crept closer to the window until she could see over the sill. She peered into the little kitchen. And then she gasped. There was a flutter of yellow wings . . . and soft feathers touched her shapeless little paw on the ledge . . . the birds were flying out. She clutched at an almost infinitesimal leg as it tried to get past, shouting Mrs. Pflugel's name with all the power in her lusty lungs. Somehow she clung to the bird in her hand and shoed the others away, back into the room until the wobbling figure of their mistress hove into view.

"Oh, oh my," the lady expostu-

lated . . . "vot is here . . . the cage-door, I did not close it . . . my pets . . . they fly away and die out in the rain . . ." Leonida was as excited as the tiny feathered thing in her hand that held up its well-shaped head and twittered frightenedly . . . "I close the window. You come by the door."

And so Leonida brought her treasure in from the rain . . . "I didn't want his pretty wings to rust . . . then he would die. I never want him to die," she stammered confidently to the grateful Mrs. Pflugel. "Ach, liebchen . . . you save my feathered pets for me . . . You are good girl . . ." She looked at the canary in Leonida's hand, and her pale eyes were kind. "You keep him for your very own . . . he iss better than chicken, jach!"

Leonida felt as if her heart would wear away a spot in her chest, it pounded so . . . "I'm going to call him Golden . . ." she said. Then, catching Mrs. Pflugel's eye, she continued hesitantly . . . "Course it ain't a saint's name . . . but I got a saint's name now, and Saint Leo's big enough for the both of us."

Finis

Do You Dream?

"Have you ever had any strange and impressive dreams?" "What wild and wierd things do you dream about?"

At these questions, the average T. C. student shakes his head. Whether he cannot think on the spur of the moment, or whether he believes the question to be silly and the questioner impertinent, is a matter of conjecture. At any rate, the students—particularly the boys!—are about 95% unresponsive.

"Dreams?" echoed the lad with the upstanding hair and the wild light in his eyes. "Last night I was in a room with Hitler and Roosevelt and Mussolini and Lloyd George and Chamberlain. It had become certain to these great ones of the world that war would come."

"Chamberlain was in agony, mental torture. He knew that, if the Allies lost, it would be his fault. Hitler was Heiling at every mirror and the others were not contradicting him."

"I could vision the world after the war. It was as a sheet of paper torn in twain. The 100 peoples were regimented automatons. 'Democracy' was deleted from every dictionary."

"Then into that room burst a frenzied boy. 'Hail, one! Hail all!' he shouted. 'The German people have revolted.'"

"Never will I forget the joy of that moment. My heart, which had been squeezed dry by dread was filled with a rush of new joy."

"Hitler went mad, then . . . stark, tearing mad. He had to be held . . ."

"Dream?" He ran a nervous hand through the hair that always looked surprised. "Dream. For a moment I believed!"

Patchy's Comin' Home

—Beatrice Hoffman

Mrs. Myrzak sat unmoving in the wooden rocker with the worn runners. Her short legs were crossed at the thick ankles, her crooked fingers lay limp over the letter that rested in her blue checkered apron. A sizzling sound emanated from the flat pan on the kerosene burner, and the odor of scorched milk crept through the dark, print-bespattered kitchen.

Smoky, stretching languorously on the side-board next to the oatmeal box, blinked at her eyes that were green lights in a fog of long, cloudy hair. As if he felt something was amiss he ambled sinuously back and forth across the sideboard meowing noisily. This was no ordinary siesta his mistress enjoyed motionless in her rocker while the milk burned. Perhaps he sensed a new quality in the live-brown eyes set in skin like worn linoleum under the hair that was more ashen than white. Here was something he never felt about his mistress in all the time she had scraped leavings into his saucer and warmed his milk.

The letter had done that. It meant that hers was to be a Christmas not tucked away in an inconspicuous corner of her son's house where she might have been akin to the ungraceful mission wood table in the front living-room, but Christmas as she had never hoped to know it again, in her own house. The possibility of it left her dazed and unbelieving.

Patchy was comin' home. God, after all these years, twenty-six long years, he was comin'. Instead of the engraved wooden box of dried fruit that had come two years ago, or the warm knitted sweater that came last year, he was bringing himself. The milk didn't matter; the wet snow didn't matter; nothing mattered.

As the light streamed in at her through the one streaked window that broke the monotony of the walls in the narrow kitchen, she remembered life as it had been when the green fields rolled up to her front door, her father, tall and spare, noisily shaking the sparks in the iron range to action, and Patchy laughing . . . Pantofla, she had shouted at him affectionately . . . old shoe. Those days she had been younger, more serious, and she had loved him a little more than the other brothers. Theirs had been finer than mere blood kinship. But he had gone the quickest and the farthest away.

She remembered the day he left, the way the wind had tousled his thick brown hair and he had made her laugh that she might keep her tears for all the days she missed him. She was lost in remembering his youthful promises of "apples from the West as big as the pumpkins that father brought in from the field this harvest. . . ."

For a moment in her mind they were together again, her mother, cold and unrelenting with her heavy black hair knotted neatly at the nape of her neck, her father, towering above them all, and then Max who was the oldest and had

gone to sea; Alex, thin as a shadow against Patchy's firm straightness. From Seattle and a place uncharted, marked on no map they came. But she could not forget for long that twenty-six years held them apart.

Yet the years mustn't isolate her from Patchy. She was proud of the success he had achieved, his ice business, the wife she had never met. She, herself, had a son, a daughter-in-law, who came to visit with her when they were not too busy with their own lives. But she hoped blindly that this would be Patchy come home as he had left, bubbling, irrepressible . . . hair tinged with grey, perhaps, but Patchy all the same. And he would find her, not a lonely, eccentric old lady with a son who rarely saw her, but a gracious, contented person who kept her house as orderly as she had tried to keep their home years ago.

Her eyes reproachfully swept across the room with its frayed, faded, rag rugs and rusty, battered kerosene stove . . . and then fell upon the calendar the Losak Meat Market had distributed the year before. It was on the twenty-fourth he would come the letter said. She had two days to plan. It had been a long time since she had planned anything.

At last she became aware of the acrid odor of the smoking milk and the thin whining noise of the cat. Stiffly she boosted her body from the rocker and lifted the wrinkled dish towel from the nail over the sideboard. Smoky followed her movement, then tumbled clumsily off his perch and sank his nose deep in the lukewarm liquid.

Mrs. Myrzak had just filled the wild tea kettle and placed it over the flame when Mrs. Benck called her from the yard. This well-meaning lady hung her ample person over the fence that almost hugged the uneven sidewall as it separated the small neutral-toned board house from the larger brick one. Her eyes were friendly under the grey wool shawl she had caught over her head and swung carelessly under her indefinite chin. Damp and slow the snow clung to the sleeves of the dress she had only partly succeeded in dyeing dull blue.

"Oh, there you are, Rosie," she called . . . "I shovelled some of the snow from your sidewalk this morning early, when I did mine . . . that lazy, careless boy of yours . . . your Stan . . . if he was any good, he could come over once in a while to do it for you . . . but what do you raise a son for . . . they grow up, marry the first painted face that comes along . . ." she shrugged her shoulder philosophically.

To Rosie Myrzak this was no new story. She knew from memory Mrs. Benck's oration on the futility of motherhood . . . so well that now she could nod automatically and even smile a little.

"I see you got a letter this morning, Rosie. It isn't often Marek had something to leave at your door," she continued . . . "nothing bad, I hope, for your sake."

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The Hired Hand

Continued from page 3, column 2

standing by the bunkhouse one day when a white-collar drove up. He leered at Jed, 'Sparks, you know what I came for?'

"Jed laughed in his face. Say, Si," Rye interrupted himself coaxingly, "you aren't really bug-house, are you?"

"Me! Bug-house! Why no! You're the guy who is bug-house. Haven't I seen how you've been acting, and haven't I been worried stiff? Man alive, you're the crazy one."

Rye laughed. "So that's how it is? We've lived here in the wilderness so long that we seem queer even to each other. We'd better get out for a holiday."

"You said it; we'll pack as soon as you finish your story."

"Oh, yes. Well, Jed laughed at this chap and he said: 'Try to get it.' The white-collar fumed: 'Hang you, Sparks. You hired it and now you won't pay me any rent or you won't give me my hand back?'"

"And you know what Jed said? He grinned and quipped, 'It's a darn good hand, and a hand on your arm is worth two in the shop!' Then Jed shook white-collar's own fist at him."

Intercepted Echoes

From the "Field"

I thought you might like to hear how the second Rembrandt was doing. Sherman may have thought war was hell, but I don't think he ever tried school-teaching.

Another teacher rooms here but she's awfully peculiar. I keep away from her. She has a serpent's tongue and a hide of tissue paper. In common language, she can dish it out, but she can't take it.

This is a grand little town, and everyone is so friendly. I've been invited out quite a bit "to coffee", and I have become a coffee fiend. Maybe it's the Norwegian in me. This would be no place for you because tea-drinkers are scorned.

My art classes leave me cold. The first day I was there I found the 9th grade class making illuminated manuscripts. I don't believe it's necessary to tell you that I don't know the first thing about them. I gave them a little speech, telling how I was a staunch advocate of students doing all their own work, but I would be glad to render assistance when the going got tough.

I really like teaching. I like the students and I *think* they like me. The superintendent told me several parents had called and told him how much the children like me. Of course it was just said to bolster up my wavering courage, but it surely helped.

I guess I can teach with my hat off this week. I've had my trunk packed and my hat on all the time.

Well, this closes the first week. I've earned some money, and I feel I have accomplished something, however small, in the **field** — that field I heard about for four years. And now I'm finally in it.

— A Confirmed Pedagogue.



POETRY

Song of an Artist

— William Franzmann

When I perform my humble part
To make the world more beautiful,
I partly recompense the patient earth
For putting up with me. . . .

But you . . . your works of art
Are purest charity.
You owe the world nothing
For you fulfill all anyone could ask
Simply by being here.

Clumsy Lover

— William Franzmann

When I hate, I do so consummately.
I thrust my darts with great finesse,
And find my tongue an adept scimitar
That cuts and stings adroitly,
That often overdoes my bidding.
My feet and hands behave so willingly
When it comes to bruising some one!

But when I am in love . . .
Ah, that is when I'm clumsy.
I find my tongue a soggy mass
That will not let me say the things I will.
My feet, ungainly things, find every cobble
And stumble over it.

Daintily, I try to pick a rose-bud for you,
And in a tight-clutched, sweating hand
Bear to you a sorry vestige
Of what once was beauty.

You accept, of course, the abject offering
But even I can see it isn't worthy of you,
And as I color, blush and fluster, I think,
"Lord, how she must pity me!"

Compensation

— Margaret Meyer

Shutout
From all your talk and selfish laughter —
Unwelcome third,
I wince,
Then smile — wan smile —
And say
I love to work.

Prayer of the Heretic

— Margaret Meyer

From this man-made cell walled-in by convention
and provincialism

Lord, set me free!
Cause me to know adventures riotous
And escapades exciting!
Make me to know my strength and will
And use them both!
With painless care to build on dreams,
And with abandon love!
Then, Oh Lord, would I give thanks
In my own unbiased way.

[Sometime — long years from now,]

— Millicent Busse

Sometime — long years from now,
When my restless soul shall have ceased
To ask the "why and how"
Of all that ever held significance for me,
Will I remember without this ceaseless resentment,
That you taught me love . . .
That you showed me love,
And dangled it before my eyes, like a child's
Fascinating new plaything;
And will I remember without resentment,
That you took it away, and held it
Out of my gasping, breathless,
My sobbing reach —
Sometime? . . .

Dream House

— Regina Spencer

There's a long road that winds
Through the rockiest hills.
There's a brooklet that runs by the lane.
There's a little green house
And the leafiest trees
And a garden that laughs at the rain.
There's a bluebird that sings
In the cheeriest way.
There's a squirrel that chatters whole reams.
There's a crooked stone wall
With the darlingest gate
And it leads to the house of my dreams.

LIGHT VERSE

I'm Glad I Live in a Cold Town

— Beatrice Hoffmann

I'm glad I live in a cold town
When I see it through a window.
A town with chill grey pavement
And roofs of snow and smoke,
With winds that sing a haunted song
Of green that's hidden there.

I'm glad I live in a cold town,
Though weary winds cavort.
Let them howl and blast
My ears, but I am glad
For the cracking, spitting fire
That can make them powerless.

I'm glad I live in a cold town
When I see it THROUGH A WINDOW.

I Wish I Had a Cat to Kick

— Regina Spencer

I have a ragged little dog
To play with me.
I have a carefree mocking bird
Who sings for me.
I have a funny book to read
When I am sad.
I have a room to lock me in
If I am bad.
I have a clever word to say
(When I've the chance).
I have a fancy step to do
(Next time I dance).
I know a cheery song to sing
When I am glad.
I wish I had a cat to kick
When I get mad!

Wallpaperitis

Continued from page 3, column 3

In the kitchen one finds apples suspended from the wall brackets, salt cellars calmly reposing on the door tops, and frying pans dangling from nowhere in particular. To be sure frying pans and salt cellars do have something in common with the kitchen, but why interperse them with igloos and rampant poultry farms? It is true that Aunt Ida used to have painted chopping bowls and gilded rolling pins adorning the parlour walls, but is that any reason why that home of culinary art should have its walls covered with Mexican adobe huts and Dutch windmills?

In the bathroom, marine scenes are abundant. We find fish in a myriad of colors swimming about in rosy-hued seas, frogs plunging into purple pools from yellow lily pads, swans serenely swimming on cerise streams. In truth there is little we don't find — even an occasional seal sunning itself on an orange ice cake in a pea green ocean. But one must not become too sensitive to these, for the worst is yet to come.

The bedroom is still the answer to the designer's prayer. It is decorated with unlimited floral patterns indescribable in their variations. Roses have diminished in size but increased in number. In their midst everything from humming birds to peacocks perch. Walls are plaided, polka dotted, checkered, striped, and stippled — the latter making one feel sure that the designer's little boy had gotten into the paint can. Sphinxes, Buddhas, Snow White and the seven dwarfs, fox hunts, sky scrapers, Little Boy Blue, dismembered parts of the anatomy (autographed hands or an occasional magnified eye staring one down), Buffalo Bill, Captain Kidd, Alice and the Red Queen, George Washington (both with and without the cherry tree), Paul Bunyan and Babe, the blue ox; all of these and their compatriots are well represented. The one function the bedroom does not serve is that of promoting sleep untroubled by haunting nightmares.

I might continue in this manner through all the rooms of a fifty room mansion with the same result. Wallpaperitis has become a major disease with which most of our population is stricken. Something must be done. It is to you future designers that I make my plea. You must be the doctors to prescribe for and to cure the public. Please let us have just a little peace and quiet in our homes!



The Radio is a Useful Invention

Continued from page 3, column 3

that do not cleanse thoroughly. Ordinary soaps (that is, any kind other than brand being advertised) may contain harmful ingredients, like unneutralized caustic potash, that produce a dangerous skin rash and "dish-pan hands." Such a thought terrifies us timid souls. We decide to do without soap today until we can purchase a supply of Soapy Sudsies, which bears the seal of approval of the Fine Home-management Bureau. Soon the radio rings a series of chimes and loudly calls out the time (courtesy of the Pullover Watch Company).

We hurry from the shower upon hearing this warning, dry ourselves, and dress. We wash our teeth using a new brand of tooth-paste. We bought it yesterday because the radio assured us that it would cure "pink tooth brush" (whatever that is). And after all, we don't want to lose our position because of "dingy teeth." Besides, the product is guaranteed not to contain either hydrochloric or sulphuric acid. At breakfast we are cautioned about getting the necessary vitamins. Krispy Krunchies supply vitamins A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and the new vitamin H, which is necessary if we want to be the life of the party. Another time report (through the courtesy of the Pullover Watch Company) tells us that it is time to hurry. A flash weather report then warns us to wear our earmuffs. In this way the radio gets us off to work in the morning.

The radio is a useful invention. It does away with reading newspapers. We no longer need to read. Newscasters not only tell us of the news, but also tell us what to think of the news. The radio reads the "funnies" to the kids each Sunday morning, thus relieving us of this irksome duty. It offers to the kiddies the "Children's Hour." The signal introducing this program may be the wail of a police siren, the rat-a-tat of a "tommy gun," the explosion of a bomb, the shriek of a dying woman, the bark of a gangster's pistol, or the groan of a soul in purgatory. The radio has many free offers. If the child will send in ten cents in stamps and two box tops of Krunchy Krispies, he will receive a hike-meter, a secret code, a voodoo ring, a hand grenade, an up-to-date burglar's kit, or an Oriental poison box. Of course, all these offers are for a limited time only.

The radio is a useful invention. It offers modern educational programs. The "School of the Air," "The World Is Yours," "School Time," and other similar programs teach history, geography, civics, arithmetic, English, languages, biology, law, and even penmanship. The radio offers advice. It advises us on home relations, business investments, household bargains, racing bets, practical law, rearing children, the future, and innumerable other problems of life. The radio tells us how to think. It tells us what to think. The man of the radio who says, "And I do mean you," tells us which movies are good or poor and which ones

to see or not to see. The radio tells us what to eat, what to drink, what not to eat, what not to drink, what books to read, what politician to vote for, what to say to our friends, what to smoke, what to wear, what to put on our hair, and so on.

Just as the movies replaced the theater, so is the radio drama replacing the movies. The radio brings Hollywood to the comforts of our homes. The radio brings remote parts of the world to our door step. The radio brings the church, but not the collection plate, to our homes. The radio is a useful invention.

Patchy's Comin' Home

Continued from page 5, column 5

Lydie Benck was curious by nature, but she was the nearest Rosie Myrzak had come to a friend, and she meant well. It was without annoyance that Mrs. Myrzak told her. "My youngest brother, Patchy . . . you know Marcus from years ago . . . is comin' home from Seattle. It's been a long time . . . over twenty-five years . . ."

"I remember him well as a boy," Mrs. Benck tilted her grey-shrouded head thoughtfully . . . "always laughing that one was . . . with them fine teeth he had and dark eyes . . . I remember him. An' he ain't been here that long!" she exclaimed. "It seems only the other day your ma come over to our house upset, saying how her youngest had some foolish notions about leavin' home . . . like only yesterday . . ."

Mrs. Myrzak's eyes were filmed with mist, and she said, "Ja, ja," softly as if to herself . . . and then went on. "This time he will surely come . . . only three chances the sayin' goes, and he's taken two from the list already . . ." she shivered. "One time . . . it must be fifteen years now . . . we went to the train to meet him. I felt it in my bones something was wrong . . . it was during a freak mid-winter thaw, and the train didn't come in. That was the time the bridge gave way at Redland. But, Patchy wasn't on it, thank God. He took sick and couldn't come."

"Another time he came as far as Omaha, but went back. Bad luck . . . his ice house had burned almost to the ground . . . it was a big loss and not all covered . . . But now the third time, . . . the third time, he is sure to come, isn't it so?" and she laughed uneasily.

Mrs. Benck's face relaxed into folds as she chirped . . . "How nice for you, Rosie . . . you just ask him, does he remember Lydie Tandek when he comes . . . you ask him . . ." Her face lighted up . . . "I tell you . . . I'm going to make him some *Czarlina* . . ."

"He will like that . . . I myself wish I could do so much more . . ." her voice was apologetic.

"Ja, I know," Mrs. Benck waved her apologies aside . . . "but I am having a big goose for Christmas and it will be a good thing to make black soup with prunes as in the old days . . ."

"Everything will remind him of

the old days . . ." Rosie Myrzak said.

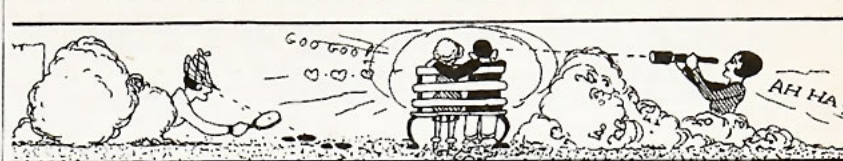
In the two days that followed on the heels of the letter, Smoky found himself prodded to move from one corner to another to make room for some chair shifted to a new position or for an old-fashioned linen cover brought to light from the bottom of the heavy wooden black trunk behind the chintz-covered doorway. Mats were turned upside down to show brighter, less-trodden faces. Everything from the little rocker to the two sliverful chairs had been bathed in soap suds. And from the time Rosie Myrzak rolled stiffly from under the mountainous warmth of the red blocked *persyna* to the time she pulled the tarnished chain on the lamp beside her bed, her mind that had not moved from its groove for so many years and her heart that had been simply an organ that pumped blood through her body were alive . . . bringing back the old times.

The day came. With it from its place on a wooden hanger came the plum wool dress shining with silk tape and dusty on the shoulders from months of hanging. Ten years ago when Mrs. Winiecki in the next block had charged three dollars for making it, it had seemed a fine dress . . . even now it had a straight simplicity that was pleasing. When she had first worn it, someone had said, "Rosie, how young you look in that dress." She had never forgotten.

One thing troubled her. She could not go to meet him. Her plain black coat with its two extra sizes that made it hang in folds from her round shoulders and the casserole-like velvet had been brushed and laid carefully over the couch that filled a side of the small living room. But her Stan had said that he couldn't take her to the station. Yet, she left her coat and hat in full view as if she often took them on and off, while she went off to the kitchen to be sure that there would be a good sound silver spoon for each of them to go with the stately patterned old knives and forks she had rubbed to splendor earlier. Smoky, almost forgotten, brushed his shaggy coat against her cotton stockings as he followed her about the room.

At four o'clock the grey gloom of the winter evening began to grow close and Rosie Myrzak's thick little figure stood in the small living room as she looked about her critically. As she peered thru the bay window the red glimmer from the wreaths in Mrs. Benck's windows made a shadow path on the snow, and she caught a suggestion of color that meant Mrs. Benck's Christmas tree was up. Quickly her mind was made up, and she shuffled another time to the curtained closet bringing in her hand the rough unpainted stool she used under her washtub. From the stool she could reach the layers of musty boxes and could lift covers until the bristly feel of the branches told her she had found the box she wanted. Lifting it down, she set to work.

In an hour it stood resplendent, glistening and gala on the table,



The Egotist

Continued from page 4

hear him say, "My gray suit, Jeeves, and the blue tie." And oh, how he lingers in the bathroom. Each move he makes is the acme in the art of grooming, a lesson to all inferior males, could they but see him. His toilette completed he slowly, always very slowly, (one must be calm and serene you know) dons his coat, his tie, his hat. VIOLA! He is ready. No, he removes the hat and replaces it, JUST SO! No haphazard hat slapping is for him. He surveys himself in the mirror as a cat eyes her only kitten, and then he asks, "Have I forgotten anything, honey."

"Oh, I'm sure you have," his wife murmurs, "something terribly important." He dallies a little longer, but finally he is off — to spend the day in the Biltmore lobby, looking indispensable.

One night he is lying on the davenport dreaming. I am lost in a book. I have deliberately shut all else, doorbell, telephone, radio, et cetera from my mind. It is too much for D. He interrupts me to say, "Jeannie! Don't be interested in your book. Put it down now and relax and a, a, a, listen." Forthwith he tells us how MAGNIFICENTLY and CLEVERLY and EFFICIENTLY he has mowed the lawn. Every minute we must listen raptly.

After each meal he lingers over his coffee. (In his fancy he is not sitting in the little red and yellow breakfast nook. Goodness no. He is dining at the Hotel Las Angeles in Lima, Peru. A fabulously rich Senorita at the next table is asking her *Duenna*, "how is that handsome man in the tuxedo?") He, oh so deftly, puts the sugar in his beverage. No one else could put the sugar in quite so well. Then he rearranges the dishes on the table. He moves his spoon a fraction of an inch south. There! He looks up proudly as if to say, "See how nicely I do things." The butter he pushes a trifle closer to the bread. Ah! He sips his Java.

"Very good, my dear," he says to his wife, "but I think a little more water would improve the flavor." It is his personal, incomparable D. touch.

Very philosophically and scientifically he begins to criticize his wife. Her beautiful blue eyes snap and she says, "Let me tell YOU something." D. smiles and says "No, honey, we aren't going into that today." And then because he is Socrates, Casanova, Mussolini and Wellington rolled into one, he righteously changes the subject.

Fall's Masterpiece

— Regina Spencer

Behold

Fall's masterpiece

The dark of night

The gray of mist

And a gay bright red

Where the frost has kissed.

The year is donning her opera cloak

Of scarlet yellow and brown.

She's wearing a coronet of stars in her hair

And a gold, rust, and silver gown.

covered with tiny, tear-shaped lights . . . just as it had when her Stan had been a little one, she thought. It hurt to see it again, and it made her lonely to stand so admiring it.

But someone was coming up the walk now. A dark form passed the window . . . feeling strangely calm she turned the switch, spattering the cotton that pretended to be snow with soft color. Her hands were moist, and she forgot to hide her glasses. She hadn't had them in those days.

Her eyes seemed bright and her steps quickened. When she stood with her hand over the knob of the open door, she grew numb.

"Postal telegraph, Ma'am," the boy said, "sign here, please," . . . she didn't remember writing . . . or reading, but the words were there.

Patchy was comin' home. "Passed away this morning . . . heart failure . . . body arriving . . . 7:00 train . . ." and a name that meant nothing, Grayce. She felt wooden, as if she had a stopper

stuck in her throat, making her way back to the living room and dropping solidly on the leather couch. What had it said? . . . she felt old, as if she had decayed . . . they had all decayed, and she was the last. Unconsciously her knotted fingers caressed Smoky huddled in a mass beside her. "Ja," she murmured . . . tired, "Patchy's comin' home, an' I'll be goin' to meet him . . ." Dully she noticed the tree on the table . . . one side was dark . . . "a light has gone out," she thought.

Finis

Applied Proverbs

Continued from page 4 column 1

flattery; better to be blamed than to be praised when both are undeserved." So, why not tell her that you don't like her hair parted in the middle?

Many of us have our financial difficulties at college, but have you heard of "The Needy Student" who, reading late at night, bored through the wall to steal his neighbor's light?

Andrejek, Spencer on First All-Conference Team

Kaczrowski, Grudem Get Honorable Mention

Captain Arthur Andrejek, Ivanhoe, and Ralph Spencer, Columbia Heights, were elected to the forward and center positions respectively on the All-Conference First Team at a recent polling held by the coaches of the Teachers Colleges.

William Kaczrowski, Ivanhoe, and Harold Grudem, Zumbrota, received All-Conference Honorable Mention for the forward and center posts respectively.

Andrejek, a consistent high-scorer and a good defensive man, was easily selected. Spencer, one of the cleverest ball-handlers and defensive guards in the conference had little trouble in winning his post. Kaczrowski, though lacking height, displayed fine ability in floor play and scoring. Grudem, the lone senior on the squad won recognition because of his consistency in scoring and his reliable defense play.

Cagers Attend National Meet at Kansas City

After winning the Teachers College Conference again this year, the Winona Peds received their second invitation to play in the National Collegiate Tournament at Kansas City, Missouri.

The members of the team returned from spring vacation and worked out in the gym for three days before leaving on Saturday morning, March 11.

The Peds opened the tournament playing Culver-Stockton at 12:30, March 13. Consequently few spectators witnessed the game. Winona gained a 14-9 lead at the first quarter but was not able to hold it. In the second quarter Culver-Stockton set up a lead that was only threatened once in the third quarter. The score at the final gun stood at 53-40 in favor of Culver City.

Since expenses were paid until twenty-four hours after their defeat, the team remained in Kansas City until Tuesday night. In the finals of the tournament March 18, Southwestern State from Kansas defeated San Diego, California, 32-31 to win the championship.

The total trip was some 1080 miles, including the hike that Grudem, Duncanson, Kaczrowski, and Andrejek made over to Kansas City, Kansas. From a warm spring climate with green grass the boys returned to zero weather and one foot of snow, but nevertheless a bunch of boys and coaches happy to have been on this fine trip.

Kansas City Kapers

You should have seen Ruppert's face when an Iowa Patrolman stopped him. He was ready to plead guilty to anything. A permit had to be obtained because the tires on the bus were 3/8 of an inch too large.

Imagine Baesler refusing a twelfth roll. He just couldn't eat any more.

"Squeek" Walker was all eyes. He was looking for green grass.

Ralph, Eddie, Brokken, and Arns were shown the sights of Kansas City by two fair damsels. Ralph says they are Ann Sietaff's friends, but we wonder. Sight-seeing at night? They were in very early (in the morning).

Andrejek and Kaczrowski were awakened at 2:00 a.m. in the morning. Grudem came in shouting, "Come on fellows, we're going places!" It didn't take Duncanson long to join the trio. Had they been sleeping previous to this time?

Ask Duncanson how old he is and if he reads the "Winnie Winkle" comic strip.

Kaczrowski had his head cut open. The boys made fun of his red hair and bald spot, but — did all the boys have a nurse hold their hands? It didn't even hurt (the cut).

Ralph says he saw some good basketball games. Is that all you saw, Ralph?

Baesler found two girls in his hotel room. His only words were, "Where's Ruppert?"

Arns and Brokken know all the streets in Kansas City, just ask them.

Grudem, Andrejek, Kaczrowski, and Duncanson rode into Kansas City, Kansas. They agreed that

Track Squad Includes Six Lettermen

With the coming of spring and balmy weather, Coach Galligan issued the call for trackmen on Monday of this week.

Among those heeding the lure of the open air and the feel of cinders under their spikes, we find six lettermen, all seniors. They are: Captain Farmer, discus and shot put; H. Grudem, distance runner; L. Ottman, high jump; W. Grimm, dashes and javelin; W. Carlson, low-hurdles; and M. Wolverton, pole-vault and dashes.

Other lettermen are E. Barski, C. Detloff, and R. Spencer. All three however are out for baseball and may not be able to find time for both sports.

Those also reporting who were on last year's squad include K. Campion, H. Broken, J. Davidson, J. Rich, M. Roelofs, and L. Schmidt.

With the exception of one or two events, the squad as a whole seems to lack sure point winners. Much of the success or failure of the season may depend largely upon the amount of talent which can be found among the new men.

Teams Organized For Volleyball

After a shaky start brought about by spring vacation and the trip to Kansas City, the intramural volleyball tournament is becoming a serious contest. There are eight teams in the league including one made up of the better volleyball players among the faculty. Each team plays a two-game series with every other team. In the final analysis, however, it is the total number of points that counts.

Kraft's Tigers appear to be the class of the league, but competent observers predict that the Bees and playing manager Al Flint, Schmidt's White Sox, and Einhorn's Reds will supply the league's pace-setters with plenty of uneasy moments.

The scores to date are:

Team	Games Played	Total Score
Tigers.....	3	87
White Sox.....	3	82
Reds.....	3	82
Bees.....	2	60
Cubs.....	3	57
Giants.....	2	52
Yankees.....	2	45
Faculty.....	2	44

the sales girls were better looking as a whole. Isn't it funny what curiosity will do? They walked back to Missouri (only three miles).

Yes, Coach Fisk and Athletic Director Galligan were perfect gentlemen, TOO.

Green ties (10c) adorned the necks of the boys Friday the 17th. They're all Irish (even Kaczrowski).

Andrejek and Kaczrowski were scared stiff when Walker started to talk in his sleep. I Bet-ty doesn't know what he said.

All were anxious to resume their studies!!!

Baseball Team Reports for Early Practice

Warriors Win Second Consecutive Title

Led by Captain Art Andrejek, the Winona Warriors played inspired ball on their final road trip to annex their second consecutive conference title. The Fisk Cagers cinched at least a tie for the title when they defeated St. Cloud in an overtime game, and on the following night gained undisputed possession of first place by handing the Moorhead Dragons a 47-32 defeat.

After nearly four quarters of hard fought basketball, St. Cloud took a one point lead with about a minute to play. However, the Warriors were not to be stopped, and Kaczrowski dropped a long one to give the lead to Winona. But with seconds remaining St. Cloud made good a free throw to tie the score. Winona took the lead in the overtime period and held it until the gun sounded to give them the victory.

In the Moorhead game the Purple Cagers hit a hot pace in the first quarter to give them a 17-4 lead. From there on they played a slow ball-controlling game and held the lead all the way.

These victories gave Winona a conference record of seven victories and one defeat — the one defeat coming from Mankato, who finished second in the conference with six victories and two defeats.

Tune of a Hickory Stick

Continued from page 4 column 3

ahead and cry, who cares?"

The gray day finally turned to night and supper was ready. I put on my gayest dress and went down the stairs to dine. Bob hailed my appearance with the gallant remark — "Brighten up, now. Here comes Gina."

The evening meal was very lively. Mr. Mack told a story about horses.

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Newcomers Vie With Veterans For Positions

This year's veteran baseball team will be led by the "Thundering Thorp" captain, Eddie Barski, who is an outfielder. Bill Kaczrowski, last year's captain, will again make a bid to retain his place at shortstop. Ralph Spencer, capable backstop and relief hurler, will devote most of his time to playing behind the plate. Brother Eddie will roam the outfield garden. Darrel Johnson, last year's leading hitter, will probably be at first base again. G. Peterson will try out for an infield position. La Verne "Dizzy" Arns says, "I'm in good shape. I think I'll win about twenty-four this year." Arns will be supported by Glen Weber and Garld Smith, both dependable pitchers.

A list of promising freshmen and newcomers are slated to give the veterans a real battle for positions. As the season gets under way, no doubt some of them will be in the starting line-up.

John Jozwiak, Winona High's star pitcher last year, will no doubt see service on the mound. He has a fine record and intends to better it. Veir Wood, Houston, boasts seven years of independent ball and will bid for an infield position. Joe Flynn, Harmony, is an experienced third baseman. Ronald Johnson, Plainview, will try out for an outfield position. Eldon Brandy, Bellingham, has been working out for the back-stop post. Arvid Boyum, Rushford, and Blaine Baesler, Lake City, are first basemen. L. Schmidt, Winona, Donald Rand, Waseca, Bob Eastin, Truman, and Jack Ollom, South St. Paul, will also vie for positions.

The Winona Peds are joining thousands of other teams in celebrating the centennial of baseball in this country.

Catchers and pitchers started working out before the snow was off the ground. Coach Stan Pawelek makes no predictions whatsoever but is looking forward to a good season.

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